

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

VOLUME, LIX.

Published Every Thursday,
at 99 Ft. Washington Ave.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1930

Subscription Price, \$2 a year.

NUMBER 6

Entered as second class matter January 6, 1880, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 19, 1918

O Captain! My Captain!

O Captain! My Captain! our fearful trip
is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize
we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people
all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel
grim and daring;

But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! My Captain! rise up and hear
the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you
the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths—for
you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their
eager faces turning;

Here Captain! dear father!

This arm beneath your head!

It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My captain does not answer, his lips are pale
and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no
pulse or will,
The ship is anchored safe and sound, it's
voyage closed and done.

From fearful trip, the victor ship comes in
with object won;

Exult O shores! and ring O bells
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

—Walt Whitman.

THE GREAT HEART OF LINCOLN

The irony of fate was never more strikingly illustrated than in the destiny which placed the conduct of the bloodiest war in history in the hands of one who, more than any other man of history, shrank from the thoughts of human suffering. Of all the characteristics of Lincoln, his almost infinite tenderness, coupled with his own vast melancholy, has most endeared him to the hearts of the human race. "The great, gentle giant," writes a recent biographer, "had a feeling of sympathy for every living creature. He was not ashamed to rock a cradle, or to carry a pail of water or an armful of wood to spare a tired woman's arms."

A day in May, 1863, found him visiting a camp hospital. He had spoken cheering words of sympathy to the wounded, as he proceeded through the various wards.

Now he is at the bedside of a Vermont boy of about sixteen years of age, who lies there mortally wounded. Taking the dying boy's thin, white hands in his own, the President said in a tender tone: "Well, my boy, what can I do for you?"

The young soldier looked up into the President's kindly face and asked: "Won't you write to my mother for me?"

"That I will," responded the President, and calling for writing materials, he seated himself by the side of the cot and wrote from the boy's dictation. It was a long letter, but he betrayed no sign of weariness, and when it was finished he arose, saying: "I will post this as soon as I get back to my office. Now, is there anything else I can do for you?"

The boy looked up appealingly to the President. "Won't you stay with me?" he asked. "I do want to hold on to your hand."

Mr. Lincoln at once perceived the lad's meaning. The appeal was too strong for him to resist; so he sat down by his side and took hold of his thin hand. For two hours the President sat there patiently, as though he had been the boy's father.

When the end came, he bent over and folded the pale hands over the young soldier's breast, and left the hospital in tears.

No more beautiful story of Lincoln was ever told than that related by Mrs. Pickett in her introduction to the remarkable book, *The Heart of a Soldier*, recently published, in which she gives to the world the love letters of the gallant Confederate general who was her husband. She writes:

"I was in Richmond when my soldier fought the awful battle of Five Forks. Richmond surrendered, and the surging sea of fire swept the city. News of the fate of Five Forks had reached us, and the city was full of rumors that General Pickett was killed. I did not believe them. I knew he would come back; he told me so. But they were very anxious hours. The day after the fire there was a sharp rap at the door. The servants had all run away. The city was full of Northern troops, and my environment.

men had not taught me to love them. The fate of other cities had awakened my fears for Richmond. With my baby in my arms, I answered the knock, opened the door and looked up at the tall, gaunt, sad-faced man in ill-fitting clothes, who, with the accent of the North, asked:

"Is this George Pickett's place?"

"Yes, sir," I answered, "but he is not here."

"I know that, ma'am," he replied, "but I just wanted to see the place. I am Abraham Lincoln."

"The President," I gasped.

"The stranger shook his head and said:

"No, ma'am; just Abraham Lincoln, George's old friend."

"I am George Pickett's wife and this is his baby," was all I could say. I had never seen Mr. Lincoln, but remembered the intense love and reverence with which my Soldier always spoke of him.

"My baby pushed away from me and reached out his hands to Mr. Lincoln, who took him in his arms. As he did so, an expression of rapt, almost divine tenderness and love lighted up the sad face. It was a look that I have never seen on any other face. My baby opened his mouth wide and insisted upon giving his father's friend a dewy infantile kiss. As Mr. Lincoln gave the little one back to me, shaking his finger at him playfully, he said:

Mr. Francis Fisher Browne, in his excellent biography, *The Everyday Life of Lincoln*, an abridged edition of which has just been brought out by the Browne & Howell Company, gives many anecdotes of the great President's career, related at first hand by those who knew him. Mr. Browne records how Lincoln, during the summer following the expiration of his term in Congress (March 4, 1849), made a strong effort to secure the position of Commissioner of the General Land Office, without success. Major Wilcox was forcibly struck by Lincoln's convincing and methodical statement of eleven reasons why he should have the appointment. But it was given to Mr. Butterfield.

"After Lincoln became President," writes Mr. Browne, a member of Congress asked him for an appointment in the army in behalf of a son of the same Justin Butterfield. When the application was presented, the President paused, and after a moment's silence, said: "Mr. Justin Butterfield once obtained an opportunity I very much wanted, in which my friends believed I could have been useful, and to which they thought I was fairly entitled. I hardly ever felt so bad at any failure in my life. But I am glad of an opportunity of doing service to his son."

A Middle-Class President

We have read a great deal about Lincoln, but do not think any utterance concerning the great President made as deep an impression as did the following words from an address delivered at Concord, Mass., by R. W. Emerson, on April 19, 1865, only a few days after Lincoln was assassinated.

"The President stood before us a man of the people. He was thoroughly American, had never crossed the sea; "Kentucky born, working on a farm, a flatboatman, a captain in the Blackhawk War, a country lawyer, a representative in the rural legislature of Illinois—on such modest foundations the broad Hoy slowly, and yet by happily prepared steps, he came to his place, structure of his frame was laid.

"To the Father and Mother of Colonel Elmer E. Ellsworth—My Dear Sir and Madame: In the untimely loss of your noble son, our affliction here is scarcely less than your own. So much of promised usefulness to one's self and friends, have never been so suddenly dashed as in his fall. In size, in years, and in youthful appearance a boy only, his power to command men was surpassingly great. This power combined with a fine intellect and indomitable energy and a taste altogether military constituted in him, as it seemed to me, the best natural talent in that department I ever knew. And yet he was singularly modest and deferential in social intercourse. My acquaintance with him began less than two years ago; yet through the latter half of the intervening period it was as intense as the disparity of our ages and my engrossing engagements would permit. To me he appeared to have no indulgences, or pastimes, and I never heard him utter a profane or intemperate word. What was conclusive of his good heart, he never forgot his parents. The honors he labored for so laudably, and, in the sad end, so gallantly gave his life, he meant for them, no less than for himself.

"In the hope that it may be no intrusion upon the sacredness of your sorrow, I have ventured to address you this tribute to the memory of my young friend and your brave and early fallen son.

"May God give you the consolation which is beyond all earthly power. "Sincerely your friend in a common affliction,

"A. Lincoln."

But Lincoln could be sternly just as well as tender. In reprieving a soldier, William Scott, who had been condemned to death for sleeping at his post, he said: "I am going to trust you and send you back to your regiment. My bill for this is a very large one. I have left my work and have come up here from Washington on your account. There is only one man in the world who can pay the bill, and his name is William Scott. If, from this day, William Scott does his duty, so that if I were there when he comes to die, he could look me in the face as he does now, and say, 'I have kept my promise and have done my duty as a soldier,' then the debt will be paid. Will you make that promise and try to keep it?" The promise was made and faithfully kept. The soldier lived a life of courageous helpfulness, and died while rescuing wounded men.

"He is the author of a multitude good sayings, so disguised as pleasantries that it is certain they had a reputation at first as jests; and only later, by the very acceptance and adoption they find in the mouth of millions, turn out to be the wisdom of the hour. I am sure if this man had lived in a period of less facility of printing, he would have become mythological in a very few years, or one of the Seven Wise Men.

Masters, by his fables and proverbs. But the weight and penetration of many passages in his letters, messages and speeches, hidden now by the very closeness of their application to the moment, are destined hereafter to wide fame. What pregnant definitions; what unerring common sense; what foresight; and, on great occasions, what lofty, and more than national, what human tone! His brief speech at Gettysburg will not easily be surpassed by words of any recorded occasion.

"His occupying of the chair of state was a triumph of the good sense of mankind, and of the public conscience. The middle-class country had got a middle-class President, at last. Yes, in manners and sympathies, but not in powers, for his powers were superior. This man grew according to the need. He mastered the problem of the day; and, as the problem grew, so did his comprehension of it. Rarely was man so fitted to the event.

In the midst of fears and jealousies, in the Babel of councils and parties, this man wrought incessantly with all his might and with all his honesty, laboring to find what the people wanted, and how to obtain that. It cannot be said there is any exaggeration of his worth. If ever a man was fairly tested he was. There was no talk of resistance, nor of ridicule. The times have allowed no state secrets; the nation has been in such ferment, such multitudes had to be trusted, that no secret could be kept. Every door was ajar and we know all that befell.

"Then; what an occasion was the whirlwind of the war. Here was place for no holiday magistrate, no fair weather sailor; the new pilot was burried to the helm in a tornado. In four years—four years of battle-days—his endurance, his fertility of resources, his magnanimity, was sorely tried and never found wanting. There, by his courage, his justice, his even temper, his fertile counsel, his humanity, he stood a heroic figure in the center of a heroic epoch. He is the true history of the American people in his time.

It was Lincoln

In the autumn of 1830 a traveling book peddler, who afterward became a successful publisher and the head of a firm whose name is well-known in the United States today, came to the door of a log cabin on a farm in eastern Illinois, and asked for the courtesy of a night's lodging. There was no inn near. They good wife said hospitably, "We can feed you, but we can't lodge you, unless you are willing to sleep with the hired man."

"Let's have a look at him first," said the peddler.

The woman pointed to the side of the house, where a lank, six-foot man, in ragged but clean clothes, was stretched on the grass, reading a book.

"He'll do," said the stranger, "A man who reads a book as hard as that fellow seems to, has too much else to think of besides my watch and small change."

That man was Abraham Lincoln; and when he was President the two men met in Washington and laughed together over the story of their earlier meeting.

February, the Month of Birthdays.

February is a birthday month. Many famous people were born in February.

A few of them are:

February 4, Charles A. Lindbergh.
February 5, E. M. Gallaudet, founder of Gallaudet College.

February 8, Charles Dickens, a celebrated English novelist.

February 11, Thomas A. Edison, the wizard inventor of electrical machines.

February 12, Abraham Lincoln, President during the Civil War.

February 15, Susan B. Anthony, who helped to gain the right for women to vote.

February 22, George Washington, our first President, "Father of Our Country."

February 27, Henry W. Longfellow, our most distinguished American poet.

Valentines Through the Centuries

For a long, long time February 14th has been the day for sentimental sending. Away back in 1710 some lover chewed the end of his quill pen while writing his home-made valentine. This very same valentine, the oldest extant, is one of many rare and charming valentines which form a part of the largest and oldest collection of valentines in the world, owned by Frank H. Baer, of Cleveland, Ohio.

There are more than 2,000 valentines in the collection. They range from the old German hand-done of 1710 to those of the time of our Civil War, when America valentines were heavy with paper lace and painted plush and first gave indications of becoming over-ornate and factory made. Valentines, like mother's pies, should be home-made to have the real flavor. And in the beginning they were always individual and naive, because the sender usually struggled over his paint box to execute a thing of beauty for his heart's desire.

In the midst of fears and jealousies, in the Babel of councils and parties, this man wrought incessantly with all his might and with all his honesty, laboring to find what the people wanted, and how to obtain that. It cannot be said there is any exaggeration of his worth. If ever a man was fairly tested he was. There was no talk of resistance, nor of ridicule. The times have allowed no state secrets; the nation has been in such ferment, such multitudes had to be trusted, that no secret could be kept. Every door was ajar and we know all that befell.

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Valentines seemed to have been first made in Germany, but it was the English people who took to the idea with determination. The sturdy Anglo-Saxons, stolid on the surface, have sentiment under the skin, and the fourteenth of February was a moment to release their uncorked emotions. These valentines were really love letters raised to the nth degree of homemade art, hand-painted, hand-pricked, hand-pasted.

There was a certain type of valentine the aspiring youth of the early Nineteenth century could buy. These had pictures engraved, but the buyer was to color them, and there was a place for the love message to be written. Perhaps the youth did not want anyone, not even the shopkeepers, to know the depths of their private feeling. So they made up their own love letters, usually in stumbling verse, and also used paint and brush to color the picture.

What a vivid blue the sailor's pants acquired in the valentine sent by an experienced lover, maybe albeit a novice painter. The ribbon on the sailor's cap is blood red, then the sea and sky, in the background, have their share of the blue paint pot. A wave of paint has come on the green shore and the brown roof of the nearby cottage has slid into the sky. All goes to show the work of an ardent lover, whose nerves have been upset by striving to express his desires.

Many of these valentines show sailors going to their ships, for an Englishman's life is surrounded by water. Their women have had generations of parting behind them. Adventuring and conquering far horizons were not for the trailer mates of those days. Sailors must go while their sweethearts remain and the English valentines tell of their brave partings.

The English, in their eagerness to have valentines with a flair, imported them from France. The most delightful French valentines sold in England were daintily and intricately cut by French nuns. A hand-painted bouquet of posies would be in the center of the valentine. There would be a small silk thread attached, and, wonder of wonders, the flowers had been most magically cut, by pulling the string they telescoped out. Then the startled sweetheart could get a glimpse through another page where a bold love declaration would be shyly hidden. Under one nosegay of old-fashioned flowers the following verse was gleaned:

Lurking under fairy flowers
Gaily love shall pass the hours,
On the land, or on the stream!
Thou art still my own day dream.

May the dearest gift of life,
Like the tendrils of the vine,
Guard thee from the world's rude strife,
Thou, my chosen valentine.

The early comic valentines sneered at love in many ways. One amusing missive shows the entrance to a rose-covered cottage, a sugary verse below asking the beloved to open the door and see the future love nest. And, when the paper door is opened there's the kitchen scene, children tumbling on the floor with cats, pulling tails and screaming, the haggard mistress of the "love nest" looking like a witch, wrinkled and worn and weary. So the old comics poked their wit at love in cottage.

It's usual to think of young ladies receiving valentines, sitting demurely by the window waiting for the postman, but it's rather amazing to see the bold ones they sent years ago. Real proposals, black on white, with hearts and turtles and tulips to soften the idea. Here's a picture of a cozy chapel leaning against a little hill, below the stark lines to a starved John. First comes his name, then the minister's, and last hers, while below is written shamelessly: "I believe I love thee very dear, Johnny, will be true and faithful till death us do part. Flora."

VALENTINE DAY

Saint Valentine was a Roman Catholic bishop who was martyred in Rome in A. D. 270, the fourteenth of February. Some say that Saint Valentine used to go about house to house, leaving food on the doorsteps of the poor, and that the custom of sending anonymous Valentine greetings grew out of that.

Another explanation connects our celebration of Valentine Day with the observance of a Roman festival which occurred on February 15th. During this festival each young man drew from a box the name of a lady, to whom he was to be faithful for the coming year.

St. Valentine's Day has long been celebrated by people of every faith. Whatever its origin, it is a day on which children can learn a lesson of thought for others and loving good will to all.

A Touching Letter

LETTER OF CONDOLENCE TO MRS. BIXBY, OF BOSTON, MASS.

— (November 21

Deaf-Mutes' Journal

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 6, 1930

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor

The Deaf-Mutes' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb at 163d Street and Fort Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mute published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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To Canada and Foreign Countries \$2.50

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Station M, New York City.

"He's true to God who's true to man;
Whenever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address or receipt of five cents.

cate a portion of it as a final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that this nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living or dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above any power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it will never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be here dedicated to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

On the afternoon of Saturday, January 25th, in the school gymnasium there was an exciting game of basketball played between the Barrager Athletic Association and the Alumni girls' basketball teams. About a hundred enthusiastic basketball fans were present to witness the game.

Whenever a goal was made, there would be such a stir in the crowd, that sometimes those in the back seats were apt to tumble off the benches and bump their heads on the hard floor.

Fanwood had some very good players. Irene Gourdeau, our star forward, made most of the goals, Sylvia Auerbach and Anna Rohlfing were very good at passing, and the opposite team was prevented from making several goals by the good guarding of Rose de Guglielmo.

The Barragers kept ahead during the entire game and at the end won by the score of 20 to 13. Lieutenant Frank Lux, our physical director, was referee of the game.

Friday evening five of the Fanwood girls who attend St. Ann's Episcopal Church went there to assist in preparing for the reception for Rev. and Mrs. Braddock also to help wait on the tables. They were Eleanor Swanson, Edith Kaercher, Peggy Reston, Alice Gates, and Jennie Elliott. Three of the boys from Fanwood worked in the checkroom. They were Albert Pyle, William Rayner and Ernest Marshall.

On Monday and Tuesday, from 4 o'clock until about ten o'clock in the evening, Mrs. Voorhees, the girls' gym teacher, took several girls to the Central Branch of the Y. W. C. A., 53d St. and Lexington Ave., where evening classes are held by teachers from the Ballard School. On Monday she took nine girls and they saw how the girls learn social dancing, and then went upstairs to the cafeteria to eat. After that they came back and watched the girls perform other dances.

ALBERT PYLE.

William Anson Hubbard

Messrs. S. Durlacher, L. Demuth and Leon Ottiger, of the Board of Trustees of the Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes and members of the School Committee and the Committee on Vocational Guidance and Employment, in company with Dr. Taylor, Principal, spent the morning of January 30th, visiting the Institution.

Messrs. Philip Topfer, Milton Voolord and Ziba Simmons, of Maryland, were visitors here on the afternoon of Wednesday, January 29th. They were shown around the entire place by Cadet Captain Nicholas Giordano. They were former pupils at the Maryland School for the Deaf, at Frederick, Md. Two of them had never been here before and said that New York is a wonderful place to look around.

The boys enjoyed coasting down the hill on their playground on Thursday. The weather was fine and the snow on the hill was half ice, so the going was good. It was the first chance they had to enjoy that sport in a long time.

The Junior Basketball Tournament has been completed. The "Ulster" team, under the captaincy of Ivan Bell, won the first place, while the "Putnam" team, under Louis Fucci, captured the second place. The winners will get silver medals. Bronze medals will be awarded to the second place team.

The final championship game for first place in the tournament of indoor games was held recently. The boy who won the first place in either of the five games received points for his team, and the second, three points. Below is the list of the winners:

Checkers—S. Kalmanowitz, first; Mendel Lederfiend, second.

Chess—George Herbst, first; Mendel Lederfiend, second.

Dominos—George Salamanda, first; Nicholas Giordano, second.

Finger Pool—Nicholas Giordano, first; Mendel Lederfiend, second.

Ping Pong—Albert Capozi, first; Vilbert Boyajian, second.

There were many thrills in all of these games, and the players were usually surrounded by a large group of interested spectators. The names of the teams, their captains and the number of points they have received are as follows:

Henry Brown, 9 points; George Herbst and James Butler, 8 points each; Vladimir Mazut and Edward Banis, 5 points each.

On the first of February, the Fanwood seniors had a trip to Peekskill, N. Y., by automobile, with Captain Chester Alenderfer and Physical Director Frank T. Lux. There, they played a basketball game against Peekskill Military Academy. Before the game the boys saw the various swimming races between Peekskill M. A. and Warren Harding High School of Bridgeport, Ct. Peekskill won most of the races. One swimmer broke the old record for back stroke. All enjoyed watching the races.

In the late afternoon, the basketball game with Peekskill started. Our team played very good, but the Peekskill team was too strong. They speedily worked a puzzling passing game which had us confused. We finally lost the game by the score of 31 to 16. The line-up was as follows:

New Jersey Basketball

On February 1st, the Shore Silent Five nosed out the Long Branch Reserves, by a score of 33 to 24. The silent team now leads the league of that section.

On January 29th, the same five swamped the Red Bank Renaissance quintet 65 to 20.

They play the Holy Name Club at Long Branch in the league game Wednesday night. The latter team is going to get revenge for the defeat handed to them in the basketball game last month.

LINCOLN'S SPEECH AT GETTYSBURG

"Four score and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition, that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedi-

cate a portion of it as a final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that this nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living or dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above any power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it will never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be here dedicated to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Six years ago when Mrs. Mayme Voorhees first came as a teacher here, she chaperoned a group of girl pupils on a trip to Washington, D. C. Of course, they all had the time of their lives sightseeing. All of them have since graduated, and on last Sunday afternoon, February 2d, they met again at the home of Mrs. Voorhees, and held a sort of Washington reunion, and lived over again the delightful incidents of the trip, over the teacups. The girls were Misses Eva Siegel, Emma Jacobucci, Sarah Egan, Avis Allen, Lucy Tichenor and Carmella Palazzatta.

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In the late afternoon, the basketball game with Peekskill started. Our team played very good, but the Peekskill team was too strong. They speedily worked a puzzling passing game which had us confused. We finally lost the game by the score of 31 to 16. The line-up was as follows:

LINCOLN'S SPEECH AT GETTYSBURG

"Four score and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition, that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedi-

cate a portion of it as a final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that this nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living or dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above any power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it will never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be here dedicated to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Six years ago when Mrs. Mayme Voorhees first came as a teacher here, she chaperoned a group of girl pupils on a trip to Washington, D. C. Of course, they all had the time of their lives sightseeing. All of them have since graduated, and on last Sunday afternoon, February 2d, they met again at the home of Mrs. Voorhees, and held a sort of Washington reunion, and lived over again the delightful incidents of the trip, over the teacups. The girls were Misses Eva Siegel, Emma Jacobucci, Sarah Egan, Avis Allen, Lucy Tichenor and Carmella Palazzatta.

On the afternoon of Saturday, January 25th, in the school gymnasium there was an exciting game of basketball played between the Barrager Athletic Association and the Alumni girls' basketball teams. About a hundred enthusiastic basketball fans were present to witness the game.

Whenever a goal was made, there would be such a stir in the crowd, that sometimes those in the back seats were apt to tumble off the benches and bump their heads on the hard floor.

Fanwood had some very good players. Irene Gourdeau, our star forward, made most of the goals, Sylvia Auerbach and Anna Rohlfing were very good at passing, and the opposite team was prevented from making several goals by the good guarding of Rose de Guglielmo.

The Barragers kept ahead during the entire game and at the end won by the score of 20 to 13. Lieutenant Frank Lux, our physical director, was referee of the game.

Friday evening five of the Fanwood girls who attend St. Ann's Episcopal Church went there to assist in preparing for the reception for Rev. and Mrs. Braddock also to help wait on the tables. They were Eleanor Swanson, Edith Kaercher, Peggy Reston, Alice Gates, and Jennie Elliott. Three of the boys from Fanwood worked in the checkroom. They were Albert Pyle, William Rayner and Ernest Marshall.

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CHICAGO

While on a tour in Indiana last week, Rev. Hasenstab preached to a smaller number of deaf persons in every church than usual, on account of the zero weather and flood.

According to Rev. Hasenstab, Rev. H. Rutherford concluded a service at every place in the west with meager attendance during the stormy weather. While at Lincoln, Neb., only one person braved it to attend a service conducted by Rev. Rutherford, the frigid weather keeping many away.

Rev. Joseph O'Brien, pastor of the Catholic deaf, is sick in a hospital in Oak Park, Ill., with a bad cold. Rev. D. D. Higgins happened to be at the Catholic deaf club house Sunday morning, January 26th, and substituted for Rev. O'Brien and held mass with Holy Communion. After mass the audience repaired to the dining room for breakfast, after which they passed a pleasant day in conversation and then played bunco and cards for prizes in the evening.

The Hebrew deaf club has received a notice to vacate Brun Hall February 15th, for the old hall will be torn down to replace with a better one. The club is seeking a good location.

It is rumored that the Pas-a-Pas Club is looking for another location to rent, before the expiration of the lease of the hall. If the club cannot find one, they will renew it.

James Murphy is confined to his home with stomach trouble.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Des Rocher were shocked that Mrs. James Daley was dead in Angola, N. Y., near Buffalo.

She got a pretty Christmas card and letter from Mrs. James Daley, before she died January 1st. She was Mrs. Des Rocher's best friend for twenty-four years. Miss Amelia Geisel was married to Mr. James Daley in Angola, N. Y., for seventeen years. Her old home was in Detroit, Mich. She used to live in Chicago a few years ago, before being married. She was a charming lady and was very popular in Detroit and Chicago and Buffalo and Angola. She graduated at school in Flint, Mich. Her husband graduated at school in Buffalo and was very popular at the Catholic Club. They were her good friends for many years.

The last public social at that lamented Sac was the charity ball and card-party of January 11th, given by the Board of Managers of the Illinois Home for Aged Deaf under Chairman Ann McGann, where 336 passed the

passed the door. While the floor

thronged with young dancers — who

were all in school when the building

was purchased from the busted

"Ridgeway Club" in 1919—the big

parlor was jammed to capacity-plus

with card players, twenty-nine tables

of "500" and six of bunco. The weather was horrible, too.

January 12th, some forty friends

had a blow-out to the Walter McHael-

sons, on their fifteenth wedding an-

niversary, presenting a purse of \$27.25

The Max Himmelsteins had a small

party at their flat on the 13th.

January 19th, the Sunshine Club

and a lot of friends tendered the James

Aulds a party on their fifteenth an-

niversary.

On the 22d, zero weather, a dozen

or so surprised Mrs. J. Gibney—her

birthday. Mrs. Ashley Mckennan

(the former Louise Rutherford) was

among the guests.

Scientists state babies born in Janu-

ary and February have a better chance

of developing real genius than those

born in the summer time. On the 28th

Mrs. Jimmie Meagher had an after-

noon and night blow-out styled a "co-

operative birthday fiesta" for five folks

whose natal days fall between January

31st and February 17th—Mesdames

Linda Brimble, Bertha Henry, Alice

Whitson, Thora Hartung, and the esti-

nable and eminent Mr. Gustav

Hyman himself. Everyone had to

bring five gifts, costing a quarter or

less, each. By the exercise of con-

siderable ingenuity and home-work,

it was surprising what a variety of

attractive presents were packed in the

five large shopping-bags. After five

tables of "500," dinner was served—the

table being decorated with an artisitic

arrangement of Christmas Tree lights.

Instead of place-cards, diamond-shaped cakes, with individual

names frosted thereon, served for loca-

tions. Before leaving at 11 o'clock

a second line-up at the feed-trough

helped deplete the larder.

The Chicago Chapter of the I. A. D.

held its annual election on the 15th.

Waite Vaughan re-elected president by

acclamation, with Mrs. Arthur Meehan

vice. The venerable Lars Larson be-

comes secretary.

Last April, Mrs. Fredo Hyman's

maid—Hattie Kroth—fell downstairs

and broke her hip. She spent the next

nine months in the hospital, being

brought back to Mrs. Hyman's home

in the middle of January, where she now

is learning to get about on crutches.

Hosea Hooper spent several days in

Flint recently, helping a relative out

of a lawsuit.

It turns out we were mistaken. The

Harley Stanley, who was recently

buried in Mt. Hope cemetery here,

was not the same Stanley who puned

for our Goodyear Silents in that his-

toric 1918 game with the Akron

"pros." The football star was Ed

Stanley, who died five years ago.

Harley was Ed's brother; both former-

ly worked at Goodyear during those

halcyon times of war, which occasioned

the confusion.

Mrs. Mary Shersmith, of Delavan

is caring for Mrs. T. R. Jones, who

was slightly injured in an auto acci-

dent. Among the callers at the Jones'

home Sunday were Mr. and Mrs. Harley

Jones and daughter, Virgil, of Beloit;

Mr. and Mrs. W. Wartzok and

daughter, Lillian.

Mrs. T. R. Jones was injured quite

badly in an auto accident Friday, when

returning from Aurora, Ill., with a cou-

sion, David Whitlock, and a lady friend

When four miles south of Darien, their

auto skidded and overturned. Mrs.

Jones, who was in the rear seat, fell

on a suitcase, injuring her stomach

quite badly. She was taken into the

Whelan home and later to her home

north of town. The other occupants

of the car escaped uninjured. The

damage to the car was slight. Mrs.

Jones was Mrs. Pat O'Brien school-

mate at the Wisconsin school.

Dr. George T. Dougherty calls at-

ention of this column to an article

on etching in the midweek *Chicago*

News of January 22d, with the illus-

tration—"French Fisherman." An

Etching by Cadwallader Washburn.

No mention is made of Mr. Wash-

burn's deafness, nor his graduation

from Gallaudet College, as you will see

for yourself!—

An American etcher of note, Cadwallader

Washburn, has been brought to public at-

tention here with an exhibition which will

be at the Vanderhoogt gallery until the

middle of February. Many of Washburn's old

French peasant types—exquisitely sensitive

drawings—seem as fine as any-

thing that has been done in etching. His "Devout Disciple of St. Francis," his latest print, is one of the finest of the year. Of a wealthy old Minneapolis family, Washburn, like many other etchers, began his art career with a course in architecture. His extensive travels in the Marquesas Islands, Japan, Mexico, the Indian country and Europe have provided him with rich material for his art, which has depicted nature as well as people. His art presents one of the rare instances where real talent has been unspoiled by wealth.

As related exclusively in the *DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL*, (first with the latest) the magnificent and historic clubhouse of the Silent Athletic Club has been sold. The waxen floor where once the proud footfalls of fratdom resounded at the first "Fraternival" ever held anywhere, 1920, now reflects the heavy boot of Sons of Ham. The stately hall where our immortal Francis P. Gibson (peace to his ashes) held the "glorification of Gib" at the Silver Jubilee of 1926, now echoes to a chorus of darky melodies. January 21st the dusky darkies formally took possession of handing over a certified check for five thousand dollars.

The Toronto Silent Club held a social on January 18th, and a very enjoyable time was spent in various ways. Leo Schwartz, of Detroit, was the only outsider present. The gathering took place in the Forrester Hall.

Mr. Leo Schwartz, of Detroit, has been in this city, for some time past, peddling his wares and making his headquarters at the exclusive Ford hotel.

Bear in mind that Mr. Walter Bell, of Oshawa, will come up and give a very interesting and inspiring address in the Brighden-Nasmith Hall, on March 22d, under the auspices of the O. A. D. sports fund. As all know what a reliable speaker Mr. Bell always proves to be, we may look for a good turnout. The admission is only twenty-five cents for each person.

Those who happened to be present at our weekly Epworth League, on January 22d, certainly came into more light on that great but true mystery, "Ye, must be born again." To many this sounds only ordinary, but when the true facts are expounded from the Great Word in their true version, there is much valuable information imparted.

No one can see God unless he is born into the new and only Life. Mr. Byrne spoke.

It was stated in these columns some time ago, that our good friend, Mr. J. T. Shilton was swamped with orders in his printing office, but since then he has almost gone to his wits' end to find out how to keep up with the orders.

With two men assisting him, he had hoped to find the way to overcome this deluge, but still he is working desperately to clear the way. Many had the idea that Mr. Shilton was a man of leisure with plenty of time for other recreations, but if only dropped in and surveyed the situation they would think otherwise.

Mr. Robert McPherson was up in Woodstock lately, visiting his old friend, Mr. Charles A. Ryan.

Mrs. Stanley B. Wright, of Bobcaygeon, was in the city, on January 21st, on a pleasure trip, and was lucky to be one of the passengers on the first Canadian Pacific train to run over our newly built seven-million-dollar viaduct. The occasion was one of much pomp and rejoicing in railway circles.

Arrangements are now under way to make our coming Bible conference one of the best in its history. Here are some of the chief features that will be seen at this approaching gathering. All addresses or sermons will be to the point and of twenty minutes duration each, with appropriate hymns, duets or Easter carols sandwiched between, to keep the large audiences interested.

M. J. T. Shilton has cheerfully consented to conduct the Sunday School lesson on Easter Sabbath at 11 o'clock in the morning. With such a good speaker a big turnout is expected.

Plans are now under way for the formation of three choirs. A senior, intermediate and junior choir.

Parties wishing to assist in the various services should notify H. W. Roberts, Platform Convenor, of their wishes, and a place will be allotted them in either speech-making or hymn-reciting.

The appointments for our outside mission stations for February are as follows: F. E. Harris and Charles A. Elliott to Aurora and Oshawa respectively on the 9th. Asa Forrester to Brantford on the 10th. John A. Braithwaite, to London, Norman Gleadow to Kitchener, and A. H. Jaffray to Hamilton, all on the 23d.

GONE BEYOND

In your last issue a brief announcement of Mr. James Braven's death was given, but now the writer is able to give a more comprehensive write-up, which may interest many of the deaf, especially those of the older generation.

The late James Andrew Braven, who died in the Brantford General Hospital recently, was born in Welland, Ont., seventy-two years ago, and moved to Brantford about twenty-nine years ago. He attended both the old Hamilton school and the Belleville institution. He later married Miss Janet McCullum, of Brantford, and by this union two daughters were born—namely, Clara, now Mrs. James Lee, of Hamilton; and Hazel, now Mrs. Michael Peters, of Montreal.

Besides these, three brothers and one sister survive, Harry, of Brantford; John and Theodore, of Buffalo, and Mrs. William Dale, also of Buffalo. The funeral took place on January 16th, to Mount Hope Cemetery in

Thursday afternoons from 1:30 p.m.

The Capital City

Several of the deaf from this city accompanied Prof. Hughes of Gallaudet College to Baltimore, Md., Sunday, January 26th, where the professor delivered a lecture on "The Bravo." It was for the benefit of the E. M. Gallaudet Fund.

Mrs. Mary Fay, 84, wife of the late Prof. Allen Fay, and mother of Miss Helen Fay, principal of Kendall school, passed away last week.

Prof. Andrew Sullivan, of Jackson, Miss., a teacher of the Mississippi School for the Deaf, was in the city for a brief visit.

Mr. Tollness, of Minnesota, a junior at Gallaudet College, won a prize of three dollars last week, by furnishing in the New York Photo Magazine the picture of Gallaudet College that our own Andy Parker photographed about four years ago.

Remember the St. Valentine Social to be held at the Parish Hall of St. Mark's Church, Wednesday night, February 12th. Admission free. Laughable games will be given. Come, everyone of you, and have a good time.

The sermon at the Baptist Church Sunday, January 26th, was "God Worketh Slowly." Rev. A. D. Bryant's delivery was very clear.

A Kendal Green Saturday night January 25th, the Gallaudet, basketball boys repeated their victory over the Milton College of Pharmacy of Baltimore by a score of 43 to 22.

The Washington papers say that Prof. Howard M. McManaway, Superintendent of the Virginia School for the Deaf and Blind, has been elected president of the American Association to Promote the Teaching of Speech to the Deaf, succeeding Dr. Harry Taylor, Principal of the New York Institution for the Improved Instruction of the Deaf, who has held the office for nine years. Prof. McManaway was elected at the annual meeting of the Board of Trustees of the organization, which is national in scope, held in New York last week. He has served as a member of the Board, as chairman of the Committee on Summer Schools, and since 1922 has been secretary of the Board of Trustees.

The Rev. H. L. Tracy is now on mission tour in the South. He will be with us Sunday evening, February 2d.

Miss Nora Nanny is now living at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Souder, No. 524 Taylor Street, N. W.

The Minnesota friends of Mr. Edwin Isaacson will be pleased to know he has been transferred to a better position, as adman, at the Government Printing Office. He has a new Pontiac coupe he purchased last week. He is entertaining his charming wife with a ride every day after the working hour. Mrs. Isaacson has a reputation for making the best sugar cookies in Washington, D. C.

Mr. Albert Rose, our genial friend has just purchased a new Essex coach. Homer, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Smoak, met with an accident, breaking his wrist last week while coaching.

Members of the Baptist Church are to meet on the night of February 3d to consider whether or not they will have a St. Valentine's Social on February 14th, at Baker Hall.

The Washington Card Club met at the home of Mrs. Margaret Harrison's daughter, Mrs. Veitch. Mrs. John Miller won the first prize, a framed picture; Mrs. A. J. Parker won second and third prizes, a card case and a bon bon dish. Mrs. Harrison's daughter and her son's wife prepared a dainty supper for the ladies.

The Fox Theater announces to the effect this week that ten sets of ear phones are to be installed in the auditorium for amplification of talking pictures. These sets for those with defective hearing, will be furnished patrons without extra cost upon application to the management. The installment was made at the direct suggestion of William Fox and the number will be increased if necessary.

Mrs. Thelma Merrill Stewart with two children are now in town.

Mr. Wm. Bookmire was sick with "flu" last week, and at present he is better and back at his job.

Mrs. A. F. Adams enjoyed a visit from her son and wife, of Iowa, last week.

MR. C. C. COLBY.

CENTRAL HANOVER BANK & TRUST CO.

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LATEST FASHIONS IN MUSIC
For that sparkling, irresistible dance music in the modern mode the New Yorkers are unexcelled. Music with "it," snap and pep, for dinners, dances, weddings, receptions.

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Let Your Dollars GROW with New York!

Why not invest a portion of your capital in well-selected, improved New York real estate at present low prices, where it will grow with the increase in property values. The new

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are coming soon and those who buy NOW, will profit when they are completed.

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is getting some of the 52 miles of more subways and two routes are close to the lot I am selling. Think of what that means to you.

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Just-totot people welcome to write for interesting information how you, too, can participate with safety.

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MARGRAF CLUB SENIORS.
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Professional Rule
BROWNSVILLE SILENTS
vs.

UNION LEAGUE JUNIORS

For a loving cup

Saturday Evening, February 22, 1930
at 8:15 P.M.

Admission - - - 75 Cents

BASKET BALL

Under auspices of the Fanwood Athletic Association

Fanwood vs. Raven Club
Fanwood 2d. vs. H. A. D.

at the

Fanwood Gymnasium

Saturday Afternoon, February 15, 1930

at 2 o'clock

Admission, 25 Cents

1920 TENTH ANNIVERSARY 1930

Valentine Party and Dancing Contest
of the

BLUE BIRD CLUB

at the

MASONIC TEMPLE

310 Lenox Ave., near 125th St
New York City

Saturday Evening, February 8, 1930

Fun! Refreshments!!

Music by Jack Mayers and His Orchestra

Admission - - - 75 Cents

One half the proceeds goes to the De l'Epee Statue Fund of the National Association of the Deaf

MR. C. C. COLBY.